



Her Inexpensive Hat.
She wanted a dashing hat for the mountain resort to which she was going, and her money was all but spent. So she bought a picture shape of a tawny lace straw, rather an odd looking thing by reason of its color. She trimmed it with small flame-colored ostrich tips, and the result was a picturesque, dashing chapeau. The feathers completely encircled the low crown, and there was no other trimming. It was novel and individual, and strikingly topped off white, black, and linen color gowns.

Red Linen Gown.
Gown of red linen, trimmed with stitched bands and straps of the material and with linen-covered buttons.

The blouse is trimmed around the arm-size bolero fashion with the bands, from which extend little straps fastened at the ends with buttons. The standing collar is of Irish lace.

The odd sleeve is in two parts; a short upper part, tucked on the outside and trimmed with the bands, and the undersleeve tucked all round, the tucks opening out to form a puff which is encircled with three tucks and gathered into a cuff of Irish lace, like the collar. The skirt is trimmed at the bottom in an odd way with the stitched bands. The girdle is of the material.—Wiener Mode-Album.

Pretty Scroll Patterns.
Very pretty are the new scroll patterns in black and white. These make up charmingly with the plain spotted muslin or lace fichu. The skirts of such frocks look well cut with five frills round the hem and only just long enough to touch the ground. The sleeves must be very bouffant and if you get a good pattern there are not difficult to make.

Pretty White Silk Waist.
Blouse of white lousine. The upper part of the blouse is tucked, forming a sort of bolero, bordered with four rows of black velvet ribbon ornamented with little buttons. The blouse collar and sleeve puffs are of gul-pure. The collar is laced with black velvet ribbon fastened at the bottom with buttons and pendants. The bottom of the sleeve is trimmed with black velvet, as are also the cuffs of the silk. The draped girdle is of black velvet.—Wiener Chic.

Light and Dark Colors.
There is always a certain amount of danger when pale colors are worn on the head, such as pale green, mauve, etc. They may be beautiful in themselves, but they are trying even to pretty faces and good complexions. So, taking it all round, darker brims should be universally de- rigeur.



The Kitchen
To serve with meats:
Corned beef, mustard.
Roast duck, orange salad.
Fried beef, horseradish.
Lobster cutlet, sauce tartare.
Roast ptarmigan, bread sauce.
Pork croquettes, tomato sauce.
Cold boiled fish, sauce piquante.
Sweetbread cutlet, Bechamel sauce.
Reed birds, fried hominy, with celery.
Pork sausage, tart apple sauce or fried apples.
Veal sausage, tomato sauce, grated Parmesan cheese.
Cold boiled tongue, sauce tartare or olives stuffed with peppers.

Arranging a Salad.
In arranging a salad consider that it must be a pleasing table decoration as well as a palatable dish. An

artistic and delicious salad, like a good soup, may redeem an otherwise hopeless dinner, as it pleases all the senses and leaves an impression that counteracts the effects of badly cooked meats and vegetables.



THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN
Smart white voile costumes are made entirely white. Ecru muslin gowns trimmed in black lace and black velvet are very fashionable. The collarless bodice, with elbow sleeves, is fashion's favorite for both afternoon and evening toilettes for summer.

Woolen fabrics, far less than for seasons past, are not being used for country and seaside frocks. Linens and muslins are much more popular.

In white tailored costumes and separate skirts butcher's linen is most favored. The suits are made with a blouse or a coat in the style of a cor-set coat.

The new skirt flare presents the question of a stiff facing. The new

the outside. With this there is a neat little white linen hat with a hood just large enough to inclose the hair. A white satin ribbon ties under the chin, giving the hat a piquancy most becoming. Of course, a white linen dust coat has one drawback in that it soils in a day, but this is a thing for which one must be prepared in this summer of white goods.

Child's Frock.
Delightful effects in children's dresses are produced by the use of ribbon-run beading.

In the little frock pictured here the body has two narrow box plaits running over the shoulder, between which is the ribbon-run beading. This decoration is also carried out in the front and back at the top of the blouse portions. This charming little frock is very pretty made up in the daintily colored dimities, organdies and lawns, using either black velvet or colored ribbon in the embroidery beading. It is also pretty in the white wash materials—china silk, swiss or pongee.



GLOVE SACKET.
Of yellow silk of the empire shade. The light design most characteristic of the empire is embroidered in fancy braid. The flowers and leaves are wrought by almond shaped figures

and knots of gold, while the heavy cord and tassel effect lends a brilliant note. Line the sacket with white satin and edge it with white silk cord.

Shoulder Capes of Irish Lace.
The deep shoulder caps—a feature of so many summer frocks this year—made in Irish lace and is, of course, detachable, so that it can be leaned separately when necessary. In front the cape is fastened by little utterly bows of velvet.

Red Silk Waist.
Fancy waist of red lousine trimmed over the shoulders with bands of fancy black silk fagoting over white taffeta. The collar and two sets of revers are of gul-pure bordered with red velvet.

The sleeves are very full at the bottom and gathered into deep cuffs of the silk and velvet, the upper part of the silk trimmed with bands of the fagoting over white. The girdle is of red velvet.—Wiener Chic.

Evening Dress.
It is in full evening dress that real artists can exercise to the full their fancy in the mixing of beautiful colors. The craze for lace is by no means abating, in fact it seems to be increasing, and really wonderful imitations are produced.

Prints and other colored fabrics that are inclined to fade when washed should be soaked in salt water before being washed in soapsuds. The saltier the water the more likely the material is to hold its color.

Here is a model for the charming washable variety of cushion tops, a pillow with a "tub frock," particularly good for warm weather service. The design is both elegant and novel. It is made of white muslin daintily embroidered. The laurels are made with tiny almond shaped medals



EMBROIDERED MUSLIN PILLOW.
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FIERCE FEUD IN MAINE

Up in the peaceable, law-abiding State of Maine there is a family feud in progress which equals in bitterness and dire results some of the famous and bloody strifes which occur in Kentucky. In the town of Crawford, in Washington county, live the Magoon and Hanscom families. For many years bitter feeling has existed between the Magoons and the Hanscoms. The feud is of such long standing that no one seems to know how it originated, but the feelings of the opposing factions are no less bitter on that account. A number of controversies and minor fights have occurred at frequent intervals, which served to make the bitterness more intense, and but little was necessary to kindle the sparks of hatred.

The two factions came together recently at the Crawford schoolhouse, where the pupils of the school, assisted by their teacher, were to give an entertainment and an ice-cream sale. Frank Magoon was acting as doorkeeper, and before the entertainment had begun he had engaged in an altercation with Fred Hanscom, the eldest of the younger generation of Hanscoms.

The two were almost immediately locked in combat, whereupon Harry

Hanscom appeared and started to aid his brother. Roy Magoon was the next to enter the melee, and in a short time fully twenty combatants were struggling in and near the little school-room.

Knives were soon drawn, several men were badly wounded, and worse seemed bound to come, when a large number of townspeople interfered and stopped the fight. Some ugly wounds were inflicted principally upon those who were trying to stop the fight. One man had a knife driven through his arm and turned around, terribly mangle the flesh before the weapon was withdrawn. Other men received wounds equally severe, and a large number received bruises and minor cuts. One woman received a serious cut on her arm while trying to extricate her brother from the melee.

The battle raged fiercely inside the school-room, where women and children escaped injury with difficulty. When order was finally restored the interior of the building was so wrecked that no attempt was made to carry out the program. It is expected that the feud will be thoroughly aired when the matter gets into the courts.

ODD VAGARIES OF TOPERS

"It is interesting to study the contradictions involved in the drinking habit," said a downtown saloonkeeper. "For twenty years I have closely observed my patrons and even to this day I can discover new ideas and thoughts in the drinking habit. The thing that has impressed me more than any other characteristic of the drinking man is the fact that whiskey is held up as a universal antidote.

"For instance, on a cold day a man will rush in with his coat collar turned up, shiver once or twice and order whiskey. 'It's bitter cold today,' he will usually remark. If the weather is dry and hot and perspiration is rolling off his brow he will plant himself under a fan and order a julep. If it is a damp, dismal day, with low-hanging mists, that depress one, a fellow will glide with sluggish movement up to the bar, lean heavily against it, pay the weather a doubtful compliment and order whiskey. 'This weather is enough to drive a man to drink,' he will say.

"Observe probably the same man on a bright, cheerful morning when

the atmosphere is too light and thin to support a feather. With quickened pace, almost as fantastic and dreamy as a waltz, he will prance in, smiling gleefully, pound the bar with a fist to indicate how well and glorious he feels, and inform the bartender that the man who would not celebrate such a glorious day by taking a little dram should be forced to live in a damp, dark dungeon all his life.

"And thus it goes. It is good for the chills, good for the toothache and headache, a refuge in a storm and a destroyer of oppressive calm. It will produce the blues and then cure them. It is guaranteed to get a man in debt and then make him forget it. In love it is a solace, curing heartaches as readily as it produces them. It builds tragedies and comedies in the same day, makes the old young and the young old and—"

"And lets a man down when he soars and makes him soar when he's down. Give us a drink," said one of the listeners.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ON THE OLD MISSISSIPPI

Recently Major John B. Downing, of Middleport, Ohio, was discussing army chicken stealing and the various ways the boys had of preparing them to be served. The major was a Mississippi river pilot in his young days and stood at the wheel as a cub under the watchful eye of "Sam" Clemens, the Mark Twain of the present day.

"Speaking of chicken stealing," said the major, who is now gray and reminiscent, "we had great times on the Mississippi when Mark Twain, Jake Estep, and myself were together. Jake would have made a typical soldier. He could locate a fat pullet in a whole coop of half-breeds.

"In those days we carried a great deal of poultry from points along the Mississippi river to New Orleans, particularly during the holiday season. At many places the coops were four and five deep on the levee when we landed. Estep always had an eye out for a particularly promising coop, and usually kept in mind the place where it had been stored away.

"Shortly before midnight he would go on deck and extract several plump fowls from the coops he had 'pre-empted.' The chickens were dispatched without a protesting squaw, the entrails removed, but the feathers left intact. Seasonings were then inserted, and the fowl inclosed in a heavy casing of soft clay to the thickness of two inches. They were then cast among the hot embers in the ashpans and permitted to roast to the queen's taste. When thoroughly cooked, they were removed, and the clay casing broken from about them. The feathers came away with the clay, leaving clean, smoking hot fowls ready for the dish of hot butter awaiting them up stairs. I step with a fork stripped the flesh from the bones into the melted butter, and while the rest of us stood about and smacked our lips in anticipation. Dear, dear, but they were good! In cooking them in that way all the rich flavors were retained—I can almost taste them now, and I wish I could as a matter of fact."

NURSED BY SHE WOLF

From Ewing, Minn., comes a story so strange and startling that it has attracted much attention, and steps have been taken to either prove or disprove it, for, if it is true, a new fact in natural history has been established and the much-maligned wolf will take a higher place in the estimation of the human race.

Several weeks ago an infant daughter of William Dunphy, a prospector, who lived in the hills overlooking Ewing, was carried off one afternoon by a wild animal.

Search was made for the little one, but no trace of it could be found, and the babe was finally given up for dead. Ever since then the father has spent his time in the hills seeking the bears and the wolves, which are numerous in the mountains, and slaughtering them wherever found, while the mother has sat and wept and pined away over the fate of her child.

While Dunphy was hunting in the

mountains he came on a wolf den, which showed signs of being occupied. He waited for a long time, and then, as no wolf came forth, he decided to enter the den and see for himself what was in it.

As he entered the place he heard the cry of a child. Advancing he saw a sight that almost turned his hair white. Lying on a bed of grass at the end of the den was a big mother wolf, with several pups playing beside her, while close to her side was his lost baby, trying to get a dinner from the mother wolf, which seemed to enjoy the tugging.

The wolf simply growled, but made no attempt to escape or to make an attack when the man approached. The frenzied father promptly shot the wolf dead and secured the baby. Apparently the wolf was attached to the child, and had been nursing it. At least, that is the supposition, as the little one was well-nourished and was without a scratch.